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GERMAN REPORT

ISSUED FROM BERLIN.
The German office this afternoon, gave out an official statement, as follows:
"The French attack yesterday at Neiport, Belgium was repulsed between Richebourg L'Avenue and the canal of LaBaasse. We attack-

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For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
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Harry R. Cole

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Ladies' Work a Specialty.
Suits Made to Measure.
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Opp. Colonial Theatre, Over Barber Shop. Bell phone 43-J.

For Sale!

Palm Oil Feed for hogs or cattle. \$16.00 per ton, f. o. b. Clarksburg. Can make prompt shipment. PHILLIPS SHEET & TIN PLATE CO., Clarksburg, W. Va.

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HOBSON'S RETURN

510-2-C — 2540
By M. QUAD.

It was all over with Private John Hobson. For two years he had been a member of Company C, Seventh regiment, stationed on the frontier, and ever since the first week he had been on the blacklist. He got drunk; he disobeyed orders; he quarreled with his comrades; he fell asleep on sentry duty; he left the post without leave; he was the most slovenly man of his company. It was far easier to tell what he hadn't done than what he had. Private John Hobson had been advised, reprimanded, sent to the guardhouse, mulcted of his pay, given extra duty and threatened with court-martial, but after two years he was the same man still. It was inevitable that the end would come, and come it did. He was court-martialed on about a dozen charges and convicted on all of them, and the sentence was that he be imprisoned for one year and then be discharged in disgrace. It was a duty the officers owed the regiment and the service, and yet they felt a bit sorry for the victim. He was morally irresponsible rather than vicious. The devil in him had more likely descended than developed.

"I'm sorry for you in a way," said the colonel, "but it was no use trying to do anything with you. I never saw a man like you. You have been charged with everything but cowardice, and if we had not been at peace with the Indians that charge would probably have been included."

"I know I've made a lot of trouble, colonel," replied the man, "but nobody can call me a coward. If we'd had a fight I know I'd have been in it with the rest."

"Such men as you are shirks when there is any fighting to be done. Your barrack brawls don't signify soldierly courage. It's no use to talk, however; you know your sentence."

Hobson was sent to the guardhouse to wait for the day when he should be sent off under escort, and the sergeant of the guard was surprised to see his prisoner shed tears.

"You ought to have known it would come," he said, in sarcastic sympathy. "Look here, sergeant," said the man, as he crowded back his emotions, "the colonel called me a coward."

"Well, do you find any fault about it?"

"Do you believe I'm one?"

"Of course."

"And does Corporal Shanley and all the boys believe so?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Good God, but I can't stand that, sarge! I've shirked duty and been a nuisance to everybody, but don't call me a coward. I'm to be sent to prison and disgracefully discharged, but leave me one thing to build up on again. Call me a devil, a fool and a lunatic, but don't say I shirked a fight."

"Let me tell you something, Hobson," said the stern-faced old sergeant, as he looked the prisoner up and down in contempt. "Judging by what I've seen of you I wouldn't agree to drive a dozen redskins off this reservation with a thousand men like you behind me. That's pat, my man, and you may swallow it or no."

Hobson grew white-faced and turned away and wept, while the sentinel at the door laughed unfeelingly and asked him if he had any Indian scalp-locks to prove his bravery.

"Why, the sight of a buck in war paint would have scared him out of his shoes!" was the general verdict of his comrades, and each and every one added a wish that he had never come to the company.

That night Hobson dug his way out of the guardhouse, and the various squads sent out next day in search of the deserter failed to get any trace of him. Deserter was a fitting climax to his career, and he would likely be heard of next as an outlaw. Weeks passed and dreary winter gave place to spring. Sometimes the men wondered about Hobson, but nothing was advanced to his credit. He had got clear off, and no one thought to ever see him again. Indeed, there were weightier things to think of. The Indians were becoming restless, and reports of war dances were coming in almost daily. They might go on the war path and massacre a dozen settlers and scalp a few teamsters, and the troops might have a hot chase to drive them back over the Republican, but it would end there. The idea that they might attack any of the frontier posts was too absurd. It was so absurd that at Fort Wallace no defensive preparations of any sort were made. Even the guard at the powder magazine was limited to one man.

On a certain Wednesday the reports were more numerous and disquieting, and the men were paraded and inspected to be ready for an order to take the field. If there was any excitement it vanished as the companies marched back to their quarters. The colonel looked down from the hill into the peaceful valley with his binoculars and felt relieved. He noticed the grazing herds—the curling smoke from the farmhouse chimneys—the plowmen in the fields and the freighters on the winding highway, and he smiled at the idea of danger. The hostiles might do their bloody work over the range to the north, and over the river to the west, but they would not come within fifteen miles of the fort.

That night at ten o'clock the sentinel at the gate cried: "Halt! Who comes there?" Then he called for the corporal of the guard, and he for the officer of the day, and ten minutes

later, the colonel, who was about to seek his bed, was called out. He found a man in citizen's dress with the officer of the day and a sentinel. The man was rough, unkempt and ragged. He was hungry and footsore and exhausted.

"Who is it and what's the news?" queried the colonel, in no agreeable frame of mind.

"It's Hobson, sir," answered the arrival, as he wearily saluted.

"Hobson? Hobson? Why, you are the deserter and have come to give yourself up. Adjutant, why wasn't this man sent to the guardhouse instead of disturbing me?"

"He has news, sir," replied the adjutant.

"Colonel," said the deserter, as he leaned heavily against the veranda of the commander's quarters, "I've been living among the Indians, greasers and outlaws since I deserted. You may know that the Sioux are ready for the war-path, but I don't believe you know that old Concha and 600 warriors are hiding along the river over there and will move on you tonight. It has been planned for days, colonel, and they'll be here to attack in the gray of morning. I've known it for three days past, but I couldn't get away to give you warning. I dodged them tonight, and here I am and my news is straight. They'll sweep the valley clear and then rush the fort. Now, send me to the guardhouse as a deserter and get ready for trouble."

There was a moment's silence as the deserter finished. There had been a ring of truth in his every word, and no one doubted his news.

"Hobson, you are no coward, and you will not go to the guardhouse," frankly replied the colonel, as he extended his hand.

Then men went galloping down into the valley to warn the settlers and bring them in, and the fort prepared for defense. Orders were issued in whispers and men moved about like shadows. In three hours a breast-work of boxes, bales of hay, wagons and turf covered the most exposed point and the one most likely to be attacked. An hour later every man who could fire a gun was crouching behind it and waiting for the expected attack.

"Sergeant," whispered the deserter, as the non-com. peered into his face through the darkness, "you said I was a coward."

"Yes, I did."

"And you said that Corporal Shanley and all the boys believed me a coward."

"Well?"

"Well, I'll make you all take it back tonight or go to h— I trying!"

Moving with the footsteps of ghosts, and leaving the crickets still singing behind them, Concha's 600 warriors left their lurking place under cover of darkness and swept up the valley. They found it deserted of human life, but conscious of their strength, they pressed on to the fort. At the first signs of daylight they raised a savage cry and made their rush. But for the extemporized breastwork the post would have been carried off-hand. The rifle fire surprised and checked them, but they were not panic-stricken. They rushed again and again, and at length, at one point, half a score of them broke through. Six or seven officers tried to drive them back with sword and revolver, and the melee had become bloody and furious, when a man with clubbed musket dashed in and cheered as he laid about him. It was the deserter. He cheered and he struck, and he struck and he cheered, and every time the musket stock crashed down it shattered a skull. He did not fight like a man, but like a devil. Almost with his own hands he killed or drove back such as had surmounted the works.

All along the line the hostiles had had enough. Two hundred of their number lay dead on the green grass as Concha gave the word to draw off, and this heavy loss was to break the prestige of the Sioux chieftain and make him beg for lasting peace.

"Hobson! Hobson! Where is Hobson?" called the colonel, as the fight was over and his heart beat with gratitude for the man who had brought the warning.

"Here, sir," replied Sergeant Davis, as he pointed to one of the 20 dead men inside the breastwork—a dead man with three dead warriors lying within reach of his hand.

"And I called that man a coward!"

"And so did I, sir, and so did we all, and may God forgive us for it!"

(Copyright, 1914, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

First One-Cent Paper.

The first one-cent morning paper in America was the New York Morning Post, which was founded in 1833, with Dr. H. D. Shepard as editor and Horace Greeley as printer. Prior to that by three years an evening paper called The Cent, selling for that amount, had had a brief existence in Philadelphia. Greeley, who was born 103 years ago, started his career as a printer in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1826. In 1831 he arrived in New York with \$10 in his pocket, but two years later he began business on his own account as printer of the Morning Post. The following year Greeley, in partnership with Jonas Winchester, established the New York Tribune, of which Greeley was editor. In 1840, Greeley edited and published The Log Cabin, a campaign paper that gained the astounding circulation of 60,000.

Patent Kine.

My. Simsbury—Well, I see the militant suffragettes have burned Bulcote in England and the brigands burned Lao-Ho-Kow in China.

Mrs. Simsbury—Friday, the thirteenth, may not have been fatal to the human family, but the poor cattle surely suffered that day.

NOTICE.

All persons owing the late Aaron E. Satterfield will please arrange for settlement at once. Also, all having accounts against said decedent will file same with the undersigned for payment.

L. D. SATTERFIELD.

Walter & Hyland

Corner First Street and Fairmont Avenue.

SPECIAL XMAS PRICES

Oranges—20c, 30c, 40c, 50c per dozen.
Bananas—20c per dozen.
Grapefruit—2 for 25c, 3 for 25c and 6 for 25c.
Fancy Eating and Cooking Apples at 20c a peck.
Preston County Potatoes at 25c a peck, and 90c a bushel.
Best White Bleached Celery—2 bunches 15c, 3 for 25c.
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Imp. Endive at 40c.
Head Lettuce, Curly Lettuce, Radishes, Green Onions, Tomatoes, Brussel Sprouts, Cauliflower, Spinach and Kale, Green Peppers and Cal. Casaba Melon.

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Shelled Nuts—40c to 80c pound.
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Fresh Fish & Oysters, also Oysters in the Shells.
Turkeys—Live and Dressed, Chickens, Xmas Trees and Holly.

OUR AUTO DELIVERY SERVICE IS QUICK AND SURE. TRY IT.

How To Prevent An Xmas Blaze

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS WHICH IF FOLLOWED WILL SAVE LIVES AND PROPERTY.

The following suggestions offered by Chief O. J. Watkins, of the Fairmont fire department, if observed, will reduce the danger of fire incident to Christmas decorations to a minimum. The suggestions are given below:

"As many fires are caused from the use of such," said the chief, "as well as where electric lights are for decorating Christmas trees, the wiring should be done by competent electricians and thoroughly inspected before used. Electric light globes should not be covered with cloth or paper shades or decorations. Holiday fires in stores, churches and bazars while they are filled with people are usually holocausts.

"Light, inflammable decorations makes fires easy to start and easy to spread. A match, a gas flame, a candle flame, or an electric defect may cause it.

"Extinguish gas jets. Decorations may be carried against them by air currents. Do not let smokers light cigars inside buildings. Make no changes in electric wiring without consulting a competent electrician.

Warnings for the Home.

"Do not decorate your Christmas tree with paper, cotton or any other inflammable material. Use metallic tinsel and other non-inflammable decorations only, and set the tree securely so that the children in reaching for things cannot tip it over.

"Cotton should not be used to represent snow. If you must have snow, use asbestos fibre.

"Do not permit children to light or relight candles while parents are not present. They frequently set fire to their clothing instead.

"Matches should not be left within reach of children at holiday time. Candles are meant to be lighted, and if the children get matches they will experiment with them. They imitate their elders.

Should Remove Trees.

"Christmas trees should not be allowed to remain inside buildings after the holidays. The tree itself ignites very rapidly when the needles have become dry. Quite a number of fires occur in January from this very cause.

"Before attempting any hasty or ill-advised decorations which may cause fire, examine your insurance contract and see what the policies contain in regard to increased hazard by any means within the control or knowledge of the insured. If your property should burn, you want your indemnity. Do nothing, therefore, to impair your contract.

"A house of merriment is much better than a house of mourning. Therefore be very careful of fire. Have a good time—but be careful."

AUBREY STOCK COMPANY
MAKES HIT AT GRAND.

The much talked of Aubrey Stock Company opened last night at the Grand Opera House in the "Fatal Wedding," and we now see why this company stays so long in one city. We understand how they stayed 36 weeks in Clarksburg. We now see the company is fine, each and every member are artists. In the leading roles Miss Mathes and Mr. DeRouge are good. Little Miss Hope Wallace in the part of the little mother was the bright star. Her specialty was original and winning. Miss Dorothy Wallace in the Irish comedy part was also good. Mr. DeWill in the villain role, Miss Moran as the villainess, Mr. Bristol as a ready, Mr. Hammond and Mr. Hittner were all good. The company carries most of its own scenery and effects and there is a little something different in anything that has been attempted. And with the prices at 10c, 20c, fell I can truthfully say it is the best show that has ever been seen here at the prices. The show changes its play on Thursday and reserved seats can be secured at usual place.

\$5.00 REWARD

Five dollars reward will be paid for information leading to recovery of 1915 calendars of the West Virginian and the Farmers Free Press taken from the room in the Jacobs building formerly occupied by the West Virginian. The reward will be paid

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Park & Tilford
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Exquisite
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In all size packages. Glace Nuts, Chocolates, Bon Bons, Assorted Chocolates, Cordial Cherries, Cream Brazil Nuts, Nuttered Chocolates, Assorted Chocolates, selected centers, Blanched Almond Nougat, Arcadian and chocolate covered Caramels. All in special Xmas packages and baskets.

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We offer you assistance in solving your power problem without obligating you.

Our advice is given only after we make careful tests of your present equipment. A report of these tests will be left with you whether you decide to do business with us or not.

If others in your line of business can profitably use gas power you can also.

There is no time like "NOW" to get the facts as they apply to your case.

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Christmas Cheer

Artistic Electric Percolators, Toaster Stoves, Disc Stoves, Frying Pans and Chaffing Dishes are always appreciated most as a Christmas present by people who care to prepare an appetizing meal at a current cost of 2 cents. Try our \$2.75 Guaranteed Irons on approval. Christmas Tree Festoon Lamps, \$2.00, wired complete. Portable Lamp, gas or electric, \$2.25 up.

Complete line of Electric Toys.

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